

Good Shoes and Good Treatment

Ladies you like good shoes and good treatment; every one does; we pride ourselves on our shoes and service. We appreciate your patronage and want you to know it. We want you to come back again; that's why we guarantee our shoes and your satisfaction. At all times you'll find here the best shoes at \$4 and \$5 ever assembled. Come and see at your first opportunity.

E. C. Jones
THE WOMAN'S STORE
FAIRMONT, W. VA.

FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

REMINISCENT CHAT AND CHATTER

SHE CAN'T STAND THE BRIGHT LIGHT OF PUBLICITY BECAUSE SHE IS SHORT ON BRAINS. SEX HATED PLAYS A PART IN THE SCHEME ALSO.

"IF YOU TRY TO TAKE A MAN'S PREROGATIVES HE WILL TRY TO TAKE YOURS, AND DO IT, TOO," IS THREAT FOR SUFFRAGISTS TO CONSIDER.

By Zoe Beckley.

Women—the American peril! That is how friend Michael Monahan designates us. And we, being totally unaccustomed to harsh words and very much used to praise, want to know right away just what Mr. Monahan means by calling us a peril! Michael Monahan, once of County Cork, can now be found at South and East Newark, Connecticut, where he respectfully resides and publishes a very red and yellow little magazine called "The Phoenix." He looks kind and genial and as if he liked women.

In fact he doth protest he is our devoted admirer and would merely point out our errors, to the end that we become the more powerful—and the more beloved.

The Monahan Peril.

"I called it the American peril," said Michael Monahan with a laugh that took some of the bitterness from the pill, "but it seems to have grown into the Monahan peril, since you ladies have flown so valiantly to your own defense."

"Yet I still maintain that we are suffering from too much womanism, that it is our national weakness and that it may be we are degenerating in this cause."

"Certainly it has made us ridiculous to ourselves and a laughing stock to foreign peoples."

"After all, you can't blame the woman so much. Woman has been told by half-baked intellectuals of her own sex that her brain power is equal to man's; that her morality is higher, that she has been too long his slave, and the passive mother of his children, and that it is high time she should rule the roost and take a hand in public affairs."

"Magazines and newspapers, cunningly interested for their profit, flatter and cajole the poor thing along the same lines."

The Rice Powder Squad.

"A peculiar species of journalism has been created by women writers—generally silly and mediocre, but on occasions shameless and prurient. These ladies are the Rice Powder Squad of the journalistic army."

"Politicians, disgruntled with their party and seeking to rule or ruin, give her similar bad counsel."

"Puritans and fanatics, hoping through her aid to fasten an intolerable system of espionage and moral slavery upon a free people, do more than all the rest to lead her astray."

"Woman cannot seem to stand the strong wine of publicity. She has become drunken therewith, and her sickness is upon us!"

We gazed at the gray-haired, broad-shouldered, Irish-eyed Mr. Monahan with gentle reproach. Oh, Mr. Monahan, kind Mr. Monahan, we cannot help thinking of the dozens of women magazine and newspaper writers who live their pens and hammer their typewriters in an honest effort to bring about intelligent thinking and wholesome reforms.

And of the women judges, mayors, deputy sheriffs and other political powers, who have done clean work and made honorable reputations.

And of the women who are neither "puritans nor fanatics," but give their time and strength to benevolent labors that save thousands each year from wretchedness and crime.

A Jolt for Monahan.

And of women who are slaving seventy-two hours a week in box factories and woolen mills for \$6.50 per week.

And of other women lucky enough to get their heads a bit above the surface of things, who are trying to organize and lead the ignorant into better existences.

"Granted," thought I, "that in ways of love women have always ruled the universe; that a woman scorned is a vindictive fury who stops at nothing; that through a mistaken idea that she must at all hazards

please men, she has committed many vanities, untruthfulness and sins; has she not done much to deserve every right the church or state can give her?"

"No," said Mr. Monahan, "let the feminists chew on this: Even under things as they are, there is a reserved hatred between the sexes. What will happen when the romance of sex is forgotten in a fierce strife between men and women, such as equal suffrage is sure to bring?"

It rose to my lips involuntarily to say that it does not require the ten minutes trip to the voting booth to bring on the "fierce strife between men and women."

I have known some pretty fierce strife beside the domestic hearthstone. And on the other hand I have seen much comradery and considerable "romance of sex" in office, shop and factory.

"If there exists sex hatred," I murmured, "can it not be because woman has been forced into industry without proper reward, forced into marriage without recognition of her economic rights and judged by the standards of a silly sisterhood?"

It fast passed out of existence?"

Avant Feminine Doppel.

Mr. Monahan smiled again his kindly smile, which has in it no rancor toward the sincere, but only disdain toward the woman, the alleged "usurper."

"I laugh when I hear women twaddling about their equality to men, all primed and furnished with arguments from the Feminist Dope Book."

"Women always rules, hut or palace, city or kingdom, and observe me, madame, not by virtue of her equality to man, but solely on account of her difference from him."

"Believe me, madame, I am the friend of woman, likewise her slave—for she has always ruled me—but if you will be well advised, you will go slow about this equality business."

"For, by the faith of man, that way lies your defeat, since all your efforts to equalize the sexes do but tend to minimize the little difference."

"Finally, I must insist that nowhere does woman enjoy so much privilege, respect and consideration, owing merely to her sex, as in this country. And nowhere does she exert so much influence in public affairs. But politically women must act through man."

"The wiping out of their separate realms, which have both physical and spiritual boundaries, and the blending of the sexes in one indistinguishable struggle would be nothing short of disaster to our civilization."

Exit Madame, silently, but thinking hard.

STRIKES WAGON AND KNOCKS THE DRIVER INTO A CREEK.

FIFTY-FOUR PASSENGERS NARROWLY ESCAPE DEATH BY DROWNING.

UNIONTOWN, Pa., Dec. 26.—Pinned in a street car in Red Stone creek, 54 persons narrowly escaped drowning Thursday evening when the car left the track at Leith, one mile south of here, plunged over a 15 foot embankment and overturned into the creek. Fifteen persons were more or less seriously injured.

The car was filled with holiday shoppers and was returning to Leith from Uniontown. While the car was descending a grade a transfer wagon suddenly pulled in front of it and the motorman lost control. The wagon was struck and the driver, whose name was not ascertained, was knocked into the creek. He disappeared immediately after the accident.

The rear trucks of the car left the track at a sharp curve, pulled the front trucks from the track and the car plunged over the embankment.

MONONGAH MAN DIES; FUNERAL AT WOODLAWN.

John Cornell, of Monongah, a brother of Samuel Cornell, died yesterday evening at his home at Monongah.

GREEN GOODS GAME

STC.3 A — 254

By WILLIAM H. OSBORNE.

The brand new dress suit case of the long legged chap upon the ferry boat, published to the world at large that his name was Hiram Jenkinson. It also indicated in fresh black letters that his home was Sandy Marsh, N. J. His clothes were new. That he was quite a countryman and a backwoodsman was quite patent, chiefly because he had apparently made every effort to hide all rural traces. If he had worn long whiskers and a slouch hat, people probably would have taken him for an eccentric urbanite; they might never have suspected his hayseed origin. As it was, none could be mistaken. Mr. Hiram Jenkinson was a countryman, through and through. In his eye there was a considerable amount of shrewdness. This deepened as he hauled from his breast pocket a small envelope and read and reread its contents. He did this secretly. The note inside was typewritten, and inclosed with it was a crisp new dollar bill, through which was stuck a cheap brass scarf pin.

"Dear sir," ran this letter, "as per yours in answer to our first, we inclose handsome article advertised, which you can easily dispose of anywhere. We are in the market for any number of these articles and are disposing of them to a select few at 20 cents apiece. They will bring one dollar anywhere. We will furnish 500 of these for \$100; 1,000 for \$200 and so on. This offer is unlike any previous one. These articles are the genuine stuff, stamped from dies obtained from Washington, D. C. Trusting you will like the pin, and that we shall hear from you at once, we remain yours, etc., D. C. Wilkes & Co., P. S. Telegraph only the following message: 'Ten tons of coal,' if you desire to deal."

This letter, of course, though Mr. Jenkinson only grasped half the truth, was the letter of a green goods gang. It had been ingeniously prepared, so



Found Themselves Looking Into the Barrels of Two Revolvers.

that a cursory reading of it gave the impression that it related to the pin; whereas, of course, it was directed solely to the bill. Strange as it may seem, there are many fish in the sea that as yet have been uncaptured, and Mr. Jenkinson, unfortunately for him, was about to nibble at the bait.

Now, the green goods game is as old as the hills. It is a scheme based upon the safe premise that the victim being as guilty in intent as the members of the gang, will never squeal.

Messrs. D. C. Wilkes & Co. consisted of a gentleman known by the name of Shifty Shift, and another of the name of Strong Arm Smith. Each of these gentlemen were men on whom the police of the borough of Manhattan had long had a wary eye, but at whose door it had as yet been unable to lay directly any crime.

Mr. Shifty Shift and his companion were working the green goods game in a manner all their own.

"It's great, Shift," said Smith, "simply great. We don't need no goods, no paper, no money, no nothing. It's a snap. And we can't get caught."

Messrs. Shifty Shift and Strong Arm Smith had waited at the ferry to note the arrival of Hiram Jenkinson. They saw him, but did not then approach him. They wanted to be sure they were not watched.

"The post office fellers," said Smith, "haven't got onto us yet, but we don't want to take no chances. Plain Clothes Billers of headquarters has got his suspicions, and by George, we don't want to have him a-reckonin' of us up."

Mr. Jenkinson made for the east side of the town and the two men followed him. The coast seemed clear. There were no followers of Mr. Hiram Jenkinson.

Jenkinson, the jay, finally reached an East side corner, after considerable trouble, and then stopped and looked about him. No sooner had he done so than two well-dressed gentlemen approached him. They were Shift and Smith of D. C. Wilkes & Co.

"Mr. Hiram Jenkinson?" asked Strong Arm Smith.

Mr. Jenkinson looked blankly at him. He was not to be taken in. Mr. Strong Arm Smith nodded.

Funeral services will be held on Sunday afternoon and the remains will arrive here at 1 o'clock and will be interred in Woodlawn cemetery, in this city, by Undertaker Cunningham.

H. E. Harden, of Glen avenue, who has been very ill, is recovering.

"Buffs and boots," said Strong Arm Smith. Then for the first time Hiram Jenkinson's face cleared.

"Boots and buff," he answered. "It was a pass word previously arranged upon. 'Then you're all right,' said the countryman, relieved. 'I wasn't going to give myself away until I was sure that you were you and not somebody else.'"

Smith nodded. "Come this way," he directed. Silently the three men, the two sharpers and their victim, wended their way down a side street. Silently they pushed open a door and entered a dark hallway; silently they ascended the stairs. Shifty Shift, who might be called the silent partner of the firm, ushered the three into a room, vacant except for an old table and a chair. They motioned the countryman to the chair, and he sat down. Shifty closed the door and placed his back against it.

Suddenly the attitude and bearing of the two men changed. They approached the table and laid hands upon Jenkinson.

"Look here, old fellow," they announced, "you're under arrest."

Jenkinson leaped to his feet. "What?" he gasped.

Strong Arm Smith threw back his coat and displayed a shield. So did Shifty Shift.

"The game's up, old fellow," they said; "we're detectives and we've watched you all the way up here from the ferry. We know that you've come into town to buy some counterfeit coin cheap, and we've already broken up the gang that wrote to you, and now we're looking for you and all your kind."

Mr. Jenkinson grew pale. His eyes started from their sockets. "But—but—" he exclaimed, desperately.

"That's all right," they said, soothingly; "we've got you. You can't deny that you came on here to commit a crime, and you can't deny that you've got on you now the document that'll prove it."

Jenkinson winced. The men smiled. "What have you got to say?" they inquired. Jenkinson squirmed.

"Ain't there," he inquired, "ain't there no way out of this here thing?" he asked. Smith and Shifty Shift put their heads together for a moment. Then Smith addressed the farmer.

"Now, look a-here," said Smith, "we don't want to be too hard on you. We've caught you all right. But no body knows it. Maybe we can fix it up. How much money have you got?"

Jenkinson, in his agitation, bawled out a roll containing about \$200. They grabbed it, and counted it. "Here," said one, "I'll tell you. We got to fix this thing with the captain around at the station house. You wait here till we fix it, and then we'll come around and let you go. But keep quiet here, or some other cop'll nab you. See?"

Shifty Shift clasped Smith on the shoulder. "Come on," he said, stuffing the roll in his trousers pocket, "we'll go around to the station house, and then we'll come right back."

"They turned their backs upon Jenkinson. 'I-I hope you can—can fix it,' said that gentleman, feebly. They did not answer. They strode toward the door and opened it. They were about to leave the room, when they heard from the rear a stentorian voice.

"Halt!" said this voice. They turned. The voice was Jenkinson's. And when they turned they found themselves looking into the barrels of two revolvers held in the hands of that gentleman. That was one thing they noticed about him. Another was that his coat was thrown back and on his breast appeared a shield—one that they knew was genuine.

"You were goin' round," drawled Mr. Jenkinson, "to the station house. I'll come with you, if you don't mind."

"Three's a crowd," said Smith, suddenly.

"The more the merrier," quoted Jenkinson. So all three went. Two walked in front; Jenkinson and the revolvers walked behind. The captain welcomed them in glee. "Good," said the captain, "have you roped 'em in at last?"

"I have," said Jenkinson, solemnly. "What's the charge?" went on the captain.

"Suspicious characters," answered Jenkinson. The captain's brow clouded over. "Is that all?" he remarked.

"Not quite," went on Jenkinson, "there's more. Green goods game. Impersonating officers. Obtaining money under false pretenses. Conspiracy. Swindling. Embezzlement. Using the mails for improper purpose."

"Anything more?" asked the captain with a broad grin.

"Nothing," returned Jenkinson, "except that they are a couple of blamed idiots to boot."

"How d'ye make that out?" growled Shifty Shift.

"Because," returned the other sweetly, "you took me—me, for a plain back hayseed, whereas I'm Plain Clothes Biller of the force."

(Copyright, 1914, by Daily Story-Pub. Co.)

New Style in Flats.

Sunday Services

—AT THE—
CHURCHES

Announcements of the order of worship at the various churches throughout the city and program for Sunday School and Auxiliary Services.

M. P. TEMPLE.

J. C. Broomfield, D. D., Pastor. To the following services you are cordially invited:

Sunday school at 9:30 o'clock. Morning worship at 10:45, with sermon on "What Christmas Really Means."

Junior Endeavor at 9:30 o'clock, led by Miss Abbie Fleming. Evening worship at 7:30, with sermon on "The Irreparable Past and the Available Future." This will be a New Year message of hope.

The Young Ladies' Aid Society will entertain the Sunday school and congregation on Monday evening. The offering tomorrow in Sunday school will be for the suffering women and children of Belgium.

FLEMING CHAPEL.

9:30 a. m.—Sunday school. R. E. Davis, superintendent.

10:30—Dr. Chas. E. Bishop, of Morgantown University, will preach. Also at 7:30 p. m.

Bible study 7:30 Thursday evening, led by Mr. Alex. MacElwee.

Friday evening at 7:30, January 1, 1915, a New Year's rally will be led by Mr. Kenneth Barnes, of the First Presbyterian church. Come to all these meetings.

You are welcome.

GRACE LUTHERAN CHURCH.

L. K. Probst, D. D., Pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 o'clock. Morning service at 10:45.

C. E. Society at 6:30, with Miss Letha Mann, leader.

Evening service at 7:30. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 o'clock.

A cordial welcome to all services.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

A Happy New Year to all. To have happy years, one must enter the way that leads to happiness, and there is no other way to real happiness than the way which Jesus directs.

Both sermons tomorrow will deal with the general thought of the new year.

In the morning at 10:45 o'clock (the pastor will speak on "The Secret of Success," based on the text: "Moses Endured as Seeing Him Who is Invisible."

At 7:30 o'clock the subject will be "The Mastery of Your Time and Life."

The Sabbath School at 9:30 a. m. Prof. J. Walter Barnes, superintendent.

Christian Endeavor Society 6:30 p. m. Leader, Miss Lillian Hudson. New Year's meeting. "This year and all the years for Christ." Ps. 90:1-17.

Midweek Service Wednesday 7:30 p. m. Followed by a meeting of the session.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

Corner First Street and Walnut Ave. W. J. Eddy, Pastor.

The program for tomorrow is a most excellent one. The morning service is to be a Sunday School Christmas program with recitations, songs and a Junior sermon, subject "Christmas in this and other lands." The choir will also have a number.

At the evening services at 7:30 the choir will give an evening of song which is going to be the best they have ever given.

There will be twenty-five or thirty voices in the choir. The regular choir will be supplemented with some choice singers.

Following is the program:

Organ Voluntary—Jerusalem the Golden—W. M. Spark, Mrs. J. Minor Dunham.

Hymn.

Innovation.

Anthem—It Shall Be at Eventide—Woodward, choir.

Anthem—Christians Awake, Rowe Schelly, choir.

Remarks—The Pastor.

Anthem—Joy to the World—Feaves, choir.

Offertory Humoresque—Mrs. Dunham, Mr. Harry Connell.

Solo—Angels from the Realms of Glory—Rowe Schelly, Katherine Hough.

Anthem—Night Song of Bethlehem—Dudley Buck, choir.

Anthem—Star of the Orient—Rowe Schelly, choir.

Doxology.

Benediction.

Postlude—Christmas March—A. Rogers, Mrs. Dunham.

The personal of the choir is as follows:

Soprano: Misses Katherine Hough, Ida Stone, Elizabeth Stone, Josephine Snider, Virtue Horner, Mamie Clark, Eugie Clark, Nellie McIntire, Grace Randolph, Williams and Mrs. Ed. Davis, Mrs. Mitchell Mills.

Altos: Mrs. R. M. Abbott, Willa Vandilder, Pauline Snider.

Tenors: Messrs. Elbert Kinkade, Carl Pressman, H. J. Hartley.

Bassos: Dr. C. H. Neill, Minor Dunham, Ray Toothman, Fay Merrifield, L. G. Reop.

After meeting in library.

CRITICAL MOMENTS

What the War Teaches.

Every life has its critical moments. There are times when a man's health is staked upon the care he gives to it within a few hours. His system may be run down, blood laden with bilious poison and lungs or skin affected.

Twenty-four hours after you start to take Dr. King's Golden Medical Discovery, poisonous matter and blood impurities begin to leave your body through the Liver, Bowels, Kidneys and Skin.

So powerfully penetrating is this purely vegetable remedy that through the circulation of the blood it reaches every fibre, muscle and joint, dissolves the poisonous secretions and drives them out of the body.

It brings new activity to the liver, stomach and bowels in a short time, thus causing salowness, indigestion and constipation to disappear.

It enters the tiny blood vessels of the skin, bringing with it fresh vitalized blood, and abiding faith in its wonderful cleansing power has come to thousands, when pimples, boils, carbuncles, rash, eczema, acne and other skin troubles dry up and disappear.

Good blood means good health; good health means strong men and women, full of vigor and ambition, with minds alert and muscles ever willing. Any medicine dealer will supply you with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in either liquid or tablet form. Remember it is purely vegetable, and free from alcohol or narcotics and is not a secret remedy, for all its ingredients are published on the wrapper.

A GREAT BOOK FREE.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, newly revised, containing 1,008 pages, is sent free on receipt of two dimes, or stamps, to pay expense of mailing only. Address Doctor Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Lecture at First Baptist Church on Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. Dr. D. L. Jamison of New York City. "What

2:00 Sunday School, Virginia Ave.

3:00 Meeting conducted by laymen. Virginia Ave.

2:00 Junior B. Y. P. U.

2:00 Sunday School, Riverside Baptist Mission, Mrs. Smith Hood, superintendent.

3:00 The pastor will preach a Junior sermon at Riverside.

6:30 B. Y. P. U., Lena Parks, Pres.

FLOWERS

Hayman Greenhouse Co. Watson Hotel Bldg.—Both Phones FAIRMONT, W. VA.

Make Christmas Merry

Prepare for it by joining our

CHRISTMAS CLUB

Make small weekly payments and you will be surprised at the size of the check you will receive just before the next Christmas.

Come in and let us explain.

CLUB STARTS DECEMBER 28, 1914.

4% On Savings and Time Certificates

The
PEOPLES NATIONAL BANK

Fairmont

CAPITAL \$200,000,000



COMMENCE THE NEW YEAR

With a resolution to achieve a higher education, and lift yourself out of the drudgery of manual labor. Every young man or woman should stimulate their ambition for a higher station in life and a business education such as is offered by the UNION BUSINESS COLLEGE. This commercial college will give you the desired opportunity. Good paying, permanent positions in the business world are always open to young people who know how and can make good.

Of Fairmont, 512 Jacobs Bldg., Fairmont, W. Va.

UNION BUSINESS COLLEGE